

Regeneración

¿Qué no puede ser leonesa?
Bueno, Sed simplemente
Hombres.
P. O. G.

Un individuo manso podrá
ser mártir, pero nunca liber-
tador - Praxedis G. Guerrero

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ESCRITO POR TRABAJADORES Y PARA LOS TRABAJADORES

Semanal Revolucionario

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EN MEXICO
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Por 6 meses... \$2.50 moneda mexicana

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La Infamia de Los Dioses.

COMENTARIOS

Nada más se nos ocurre a la memoria cuando vemos que los dioses de la tierra truenan contra los rebeldes de la acción libertaria que haciendo flamear la bandera roja, destruyendo ídolos y mitos, desconociendo jefes y mandones, anulando casas y señorios, derribando el poderío de estos dioses, anunciando al mundo el reinado del amor y de la libertad, el imperio bendito y elocuente de la anarquía.

Para esos dioses que se hunden, para esos dioses que se pudren, para esos dioses leproso que se cancelan y se mueren, el justo derecho que tiene todo ser humano de lo que ha hecho, de lo que es suyo, de lo que él produjo, de lo que su sudor, agotando sus energías, empobreciendo su sangre, es un bandolerismo, una barbaridad.

Para esos dioses ya viejos que vacilan, los crímenes del señorito son justificables, el destroz de los gobernantes, que defienden la rapiña de las religiones, es bueno, es divino, la monstruosidad de un jefe u oficial de tal ó cual ejército, es una heroicidad, y las violaciones que esos dioses hacen, es una obediencia a un mandato celestial. Y para que os convenzáis, lectores queridos, de la veracidad de nuestras manifestaciones, aquí va la prueba, leed...

Tomó de "El País", periódico mexicano y católico, Agosto 19.

"Hacienda, asaltada. Ayer, por la tarde, el licenciado T. Escobedo, propietario de la hacienda "Guadalupe la Guinada" situada cerca de Cuatitlán, recibió un telegrama de su administrador en el que le participaba que su propiedad había sido asaltada por una gruesa partida de zapatas, que hicieron poner en fuga a los empleados de la finca.

"Como es de costumbre, los salvajes y bandoleros zapatas, principian por romper puertas y desarrajar muebles, saqueando completamente la hacienda y llevándose consigo no solamente los objetos de valor, sino también los caballos y mulas que habían en los corrales."

Este mismo periódico que trata de bandoleros a los valientes expropiadores zapatas, cuyos redactores siguen las mismas máximas, enseñanzas y métodos de sus antepasados Arbués y Torquemada, da esta otra noticia, y así como tacha de bandoleros a los justicieros libertarios mexicanos, trata de valientes y honorables a los verdaderos asesinos, a los asesinos galeanos, héroes del mar.

He aquí la noticia: "Ejecución de cinco bandoleros. En presencia de numeroso público fueron pasados por las armas hoy a las cuatro de la mañana cinco bandoleros zapatas de los tomados en rehenes en el primer combate librado contra las hordas revolucionarias. Es muy digno de elogio el valor con que en todos sus actos se ha manejado el Teniente Francisco Villafañe y es de esperarse que al concluir estas perturbaciones se le otorgue un ascenso, pues bien merecido lo tiene por su valor espartano."

"Felicitemos al valiente mozo que con tanto tesón defiende al gobierno constituido."

"El País" apostrofa a unos hombres que los llama zapatas porque expropiaron lo de ellos, el dinero que arrancaron de las entrañas de la tierra, las mulas y caballos que domaron, las prendas que pulieron, porque tienden a la anulación de todo derecho inícuo y legal, donde será cosa inútil una sotana y un crucifijo.

"El País" llama bandoleros a los hombres más honrados de México; a los hombres que sin hacer alarde de una religiosidad estúpida, y en un misticismo incomprensible, criminal y absurdo, dan de comer al hambriento y de vestir al desnudo porque todo lo que expropiaron lo ponen al servicio del pueblo, estableciendo así la verdadera igualdad y haciendo de momento y sin ceremonias hombres libres.

En cambio, "El País", el célebre "País", portavoz de la rouquerra de los dioses católicos, apostólicos, romanos, se deshace en elogios favorables al teniente Francisco Villafañe, cinco veces criminal por haber mandado ejecutar a cinco honrados hijos del pueblo que no queriendo ser más esclavos, se lanzaron a conquistar su libertad.

Y para "El País" merece ese asesino que gana por matar, un ascenso por ser fiel defensor del gobierno constituido que permite la circulación, (como todos los gobiernos) de periódicos venenosos y reptilecos, (como lo es ese "País") que infiltran en el pueblo la idea de la sumisión y el respeto a la ley, la ley que lo denigra, la ley que le coarta su libertad y en la cárcel a sus mejores defensores, la ley que le roba y lo mata, la ley que lo esclaviza y lo empobrece; la ley que defendió al lascivo Arbués y protegió al tigre Nerón, la ley que deja en libertad al rico pillo y condena al pobre justiciero; la ley que ha formado del mundo un río de sangre y no ha dejado un sitio en el universo donde no haya destrozado con sus sangrientas garras a millares de infelices, víctimas; la ley que maneja por

la nobleza española arrancó la vida a Francisco Ferrer y Guardia; la ley que en manos de la cochinería americana extinguió la vida a los mártires de Chicago y encasó a la valiente Junta del Partido Liberal Mexicano; la ley que estalló por la infamia de Thiers devoró a los comunistas franceses; la ley que en poder del salvaje gobierno japonés asesinó a Kotoku y demás compañeros anarquistas; la ley que ha producido las lágrimas de todas las madres que sufrieron y sufren aún, de todos los niños que lloran y lloraron, de todos los huérfanos sin pan, de todos los pobres que en el lectio género de todos los rebeldes que en la cárcel rugen, pero no es nada que los apóstoles del crimen y el robo legalizados prediquen la sumisión a la ley. No es nada, porque aquí estamos los libertarios, los anarquistas, los rebeldes de siempre, que no queremos leyes ni gobernantes y que les decimos a los revolucionarios mexicanos:

Seguid vuestra obra de redención y humanidad, seguid expropiando a los ricos y quemando la sotana de los sacerdotes e incendiando archivos y virgenes de palo y grida siempre juntera la ley! No temáis la infamia de los dioses, son ya viejos, ya se mueren, se inclinan a la suma de sus concupiscencias criminales; ya se hunden.

JUAN JOSÉ LOPEZ.

¡Infame Texas!

Encadenados juntos como si fueran bestias feroces, Cline y sus camaradas, sin culpabilidad de ningún crimen y sin siquiera haber estado ante un jurado, han marchado a la cárcel de San Antonio, Texas, con toda la masa de Huerta de apaches de piel blanca siguiéndolos y pisando sus talones. Y esto se hace a la "sagrada sombra del Alamo!" Y se nos dice que "debemos respetar las cortes y la ley!"

No podemos que se tome nuestra palabra de rebeldes, sino la palabra del "San Antonio Daily Express", uno de los más "respetables" de toda la prensa de aquil que sirve al gobierno del "Sultan Pal" y "Whiskey Ring" Oscar. Dice el "Express":

"Encadenados juntos, los once miembros de la banda de contrabandistas y conductores de municiones que se alega mataron al "deputy sheriff" Ortiz e hirieron al ex-sheriff Buck el mes último cerca de Carrizo Springs, llegaron a San Antonio, ayer tarde a cargo de T. H. Poole, sheriff del condado de La Salle. Fueron conducidos a San Antonio por el cambio de jurisdicción que fué dado por el juez de distrito en Coulta."

"Los prisioneros fueron recibidos a bordo del tren por el sheriff John W. Tobin, el "deputy sheriff" Alonso Newton y otros diputados. Fueron conducidos a la cárcel del condado y encerrados ahí."

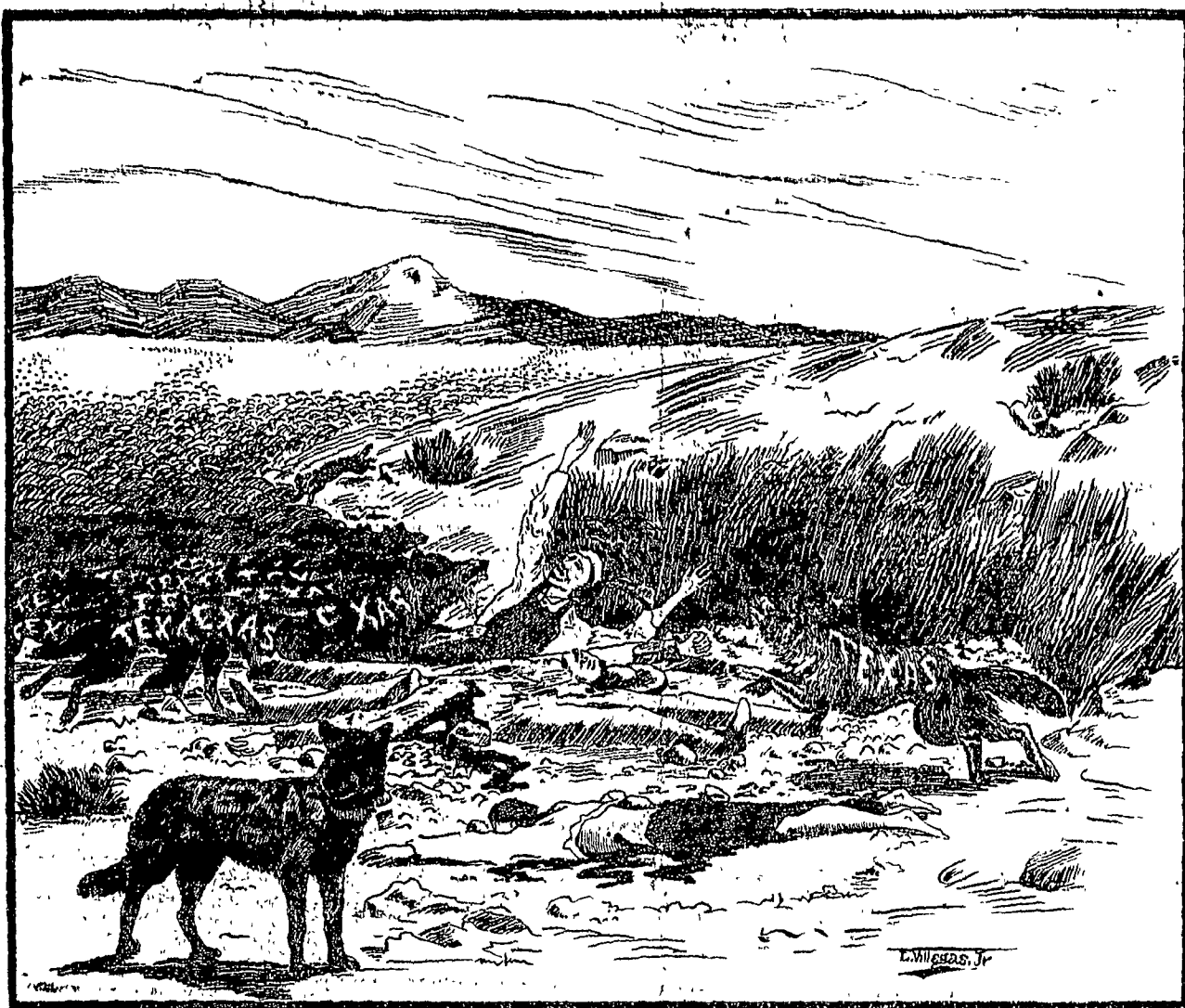
"El District Attorney W. C. Lindner, quien se asoció a los jueces del distrito de los condados de Dimmit y La Salle en la persecución, dijo que no se podía juzgar a los supuestos contrabandistas hasta después del primer día de Enero, etc."

ENCADENADOS JUNTOS. Y sin ser todavía convictos de ningún crimen, solamente bajo cargos de ser culpables de cometer el imposible crimen de asesinato por la matanza de un "deputy sheriff" de Texas, un Ortiz, un miembro de una fuerza de rusos tan corrupta como jamás ha habido en la tierra, uno de esos asesinos anulados de los reyes de la tierra, la madera, el azúcar, la fruta, el petróleo y los ferrocarriles, a quienes los rufianes del partido demócrata han comisionado para proteger el saqueo del "Sur Conquistado" por yankees y británicos-asesinos armados por traidores a su tierra natal para guardar a la clase trabajadora del sur siempre en los lazos del peonaje, siempre en las garras de la siembra al absurdo.

Trabajadores y labradores de Texas y del Sur; no seremos más hombres si permitimos se cometa este crimen contra estos soldados de la humanidad y de la libertad a la sombra del Alamo! ("The Voice of the People")

Surja, Surja La Anarquía.

La sociedad que se esconde entre las brumas de fatídicas creencias; la sociedad que se hunde hacia la suma de sus muchas inconsecuencias; la sociedad que bendice a los bandidos y les canta sus honores, que respeta a los más pillos y desprecia a los más nobles; la sociedad que defiende las infamias y las guerras y las mafias; la sociedad que replica las campañas a todos los canales; la sociedad que engendra los errores, las fustas y las dagas; que derrama la sangre de las madres más humanas; la sociedad que ha hecho de girones la bandera proletaria; que ha entonado poesías a los robos y a las falsas; la sociedad que hace miserables, infelices y harapientos, que forma para el laborante los tormentos, que produce el vago los placeres, que coloca sobre el asesino los laureles, que al sumiso le llama buen muchacho y al rebelde obrero "hijo del diablo"; la sociedad que, dá el harapo y los dolores como justo



La Revolución en el Centro de Mexico.

Una vez más tenemos que manifestar que el movimiento en los estados del centro y sur de la República es netamente social.

Un compañero acaba de llegar del teatro de los acontecimientos y expresa que la revolución en los estados de Michoacán, Guerrero, etc., es libertaria, y no reconoce por lo mismo a ningún partido político.

Nuestro compañero combatió en diversos encuentros y estuvo en la toma de la plaza de Zamora, siendo de los que con fusil en la mano efectuó el arresto del Obispo Fernández; estuvo en Patzcuaro, Uruapan y en otros lugares, tomados por los compañeros, recibiendo un balazo en un hombro, lo cual lo puso fuera de combate.

Los compañeros hicieron una gran manifestación de simpatía por los compañeros Flores Magón, Rivera y Figueroa, protestando contra su prisión en la Isla de McNeil por los americanos. El día de la manifestación que se efectuó en Zamora, hubo salvos todo el día y se firmaron protestas que se enviaron a Woodrow Wilson, cuyas protestas fueron firmadas por todos los compañeros, encabezadas por el conocido guerrillero suriano Jesús Salgado. Tomó la palabra en presencia de todas las fuerzas, David Franco y su brillante discurso sobre el terreno de la acción, fué un continuo honor para los presos y una enérgica protesta contra los americanos.

El movimiento en Michoacán está muy bien organizado. Cuando los compañeros toman una plaza, el orador que lleva cada guerrilla, y aún el director de la guerrilla misma, hablan al pueblo trabajador, le hacen ver el papel que desempeña ante el Clero, el Gobierno y el Capital, le explican lo que son los políticos, la bandera, la patria, en fin todo lo más importante para crear conciencia de clase, leen el Manifiesto de la Junta Organizadora del Partido Liberal Mexicano de 23 de Septiembre de 1911, y por último, ponen en práctica lo dicho, invitando al pueblo a tomar posesión de lo que le pertenece, y cuando se retiran, dejan magnífica impresión en el pueblo. Los directores de guerrillas no traen credenciales de ningún político y solo cargan el librito que contiene el Manifiesto de la Junta del Partido Liberal, por el cual

Is Mexico Really So Helpless?

With intervention trembling in the balance, the people of the United States are seeking information respecting the Mexican Revolution as hitherto they have not sought it. They realize, at last, that any moment may plunge them into war, and that the war may not be of that walk-over character their natural self-confidence has pictured. Gradually there has crept into their consciousness the suspicion that, although this country has a fleet with which Mexico cannot pretend to cope, the war will not be one of fleets, since Mexico, like Russia, is not dependent on her foreign traffic. Gradually they are learning that though their armies may march into Mexico City and a few other places of importance, Mexico's life, again like that of Russia, does not lie in her cities. They begin to understand also that Mexico is no longer an unarmed country; and that, although her federal army may be a thing to scoff at, the existence of countless peons, with rifles in their hands and a determination to use them after the most approved guerrilla method, is not to be dismissed with a contemptuous laugh. They are acquiring some slight knowledge of Mexico's scorching wastes and rocky mountain fastnesses. The contemplated enterprise grows more serious the more closely it is inspected, and it is to be hoped most ardently that if Mr. Hearst finally induces us to tackle the job, we shall be treated to the inspiring spectacle of Mr. Hearst himself marching in the ranks.

The reflective pause has come, and with it a desire for genuine information. We are not content to trust the spread-eagle Hearsts or that more solid element of which Otis is typical. It is comprehended that they themselves are keenly interested, and a brisk demand for facts is springing up. The public questions whether Mexicans are giving up their lives and enduring incalculable hardships because they are quarrelsome cusses who would rather fight than eat. That is not the character common to agricultural peoples, and we are disposed to look for other reasons. Knowing what we know about our modern trusts, and understanding that the Rothschilds, Standard Oil, the Guggenheims, Tobacco, Rubber, Sugar and what not, stepped across the border long ago, to plunge their talons into Mexico's comparatively virgin wealth, we will not bolt unquestioningly the invitation to fly to the relief of the horny-handed American settler, who has cleared his few poor acres by the strength of his own right arm, and is being ousted by rapacious peons. That plea smacks too strongly of the old, anti-slavery gag respecting the widow and her solitary slave; a gag worked to death in its day, but without the slightest effect on subsequent developments. In a word, we want to KNOW, and that spells great advance.

It is not possible to attend to the varied details of "Regeneration's" propaganda and spend much time outside the office. Nevertheless I still cling to a habit of passing a part of each day down town, chatting with a miscellaneous acquaintance. I wish all our sympathizers could do likewise; presuming, of course, that they have taken the trouble to master elemental facts and are prepared to talk intelligently. I wish they could stir abroad; find out for themselves how keen is the desire for information, and how quickly the ordinary man sees a new light when faced with such facts as those in which this section habitually deals. When reformers were eloquent over our well-meaning President's desire to bring about a fair election in Mexico, I present them with the old statement that Madero, in all his glory, coaxed less than twenty thousand Mexicans into voting for him. They are thunder-struck, and another rosy-hued illusion goes glimmering, never to return. When I tell them that the "Times" special correspondent recently found 18,000 well-armed men grouped around Zapata alone, they are apt to walk away shaking their heads, and I believe they read their next day's Hearst editorial through different-colored spectacles. The Mexican question has been dragged into general discussion and I am convinced that the demand for reform is really there. The pity of it is that we are in no position to supply the market; that there are not enough of us who know; that too many of us have been content, as always, to be led by our emotions and have been too mentally indolent to dig into the facts. When serious issues are at stake emotional talk does not convince.

We have constant call for articles. Almost every mail brings copies of, or clippings from papers dealing with various phases of the Mexican question from, standpoints which astonish me by reason of the instinctive insight they display. Many of these papers we never heard of; others carry articles which, considering their known character, fill me with surprise. For example, our great local Christian Scientist, Senator Works, has been yelling for intervention, yet "The Christian Science Monitor" of Nov. 12 published a really exhaustive review, which concluded with the declaration that peace will be restored only with the "distribution of land to the poor." It tabulates the strength of the various parties in the field, and, although I cannot pretend to say how accurate the estimate may be, the article appears to be so well informed that I am inclined to give it more than ordinary credit. It declares that "the Zapata party, or peon party, includes the bulk of the nation and many idealists who are supporting it from many parts of the world." As for the Mexican Liberal Party—or "Flores Magon Party," as the writer prefers to call it—the criticism is that it "in-

cludes the radical, energetic, aggressive, awakened Mexican workers, who have been in the United States." You may be surprised to hear that this writer considers that the Zapatistas constitute fifty-five per cent of the population and the Magonists possibly fifteen per cent. That leaves a meager thirty per cent for all the others; Catholics, Constitutionalists, in my personal opinion, the difference between the Zapatistas and the Magonists, both of which parties draw exclusively from the peon element, is the difference between Tweedledum and Tweedledee. I can see no earthly difference between them and what not. Moreover, reason why they should not work hand in glove, and believe that, if they are not doing so today, they will be tomorrow. If they are really seventy per cent of the population they are quite a bunch, and that again flings a suggestive light on intervention. Those men are pretty certain to put up a fight, and again my dreams are troubled by the specter of William Randolph Hearst exposing his venerable person to the hail of bullets.

Judging from our exchanges it seems that Hearst has overplayed his part, and that his clamor for intervention has brought us lots of friends. The man is a distrustful most profoundly. All sorts of editorial writers are pointing out that he is not only interested directly in huge Mexican properties, but that he is habitually a heavy borrower, and that, therefore, when Wall Street pulls the strings he has to dance. The American Federation of Labor, in its denunciation of him in the most scathing terms for endeavoring to plunge the nation into war. We should be grateful but I myself expected it, for Gompers and his fellow leaders are not to be hoodwinked into the delusion that the American worker is dying to chase his Mexican brother off plutocracy's preserves, incidentally giving up his life to do so. Even the American labor press, often the most narrowly hide-bound of all, is falling into line, and had we the space, we could begin at last to quote from it freely. The Socialist papers have been almost as backward, but nothing could be better, as a summary of the situation, than the short quotation we take from last week's "California Social Democrat," which itself took it from the "New York Call." As for the W. V. papers, the lengthy extract given from last week's "Wooden Shoe" speaks for itself. Who the writer was I do not know, but he could not possibly have penned that article without having devoted much study and reflection to the question. There is plenty of thought now stirring, and the thought will lead to study, which is all we who are pleading for Mexico are entitled to demand. We may not all be able to afford turkey this Thursday, but we shall offer up devout thanks for the progress registered. WM. C. OWEN.

WILL YOU FIGHT FOR THE TRUSTS?

Certain Trusts have an agreement with the Federalists; certain other Trusts have an agreement with the Constitutionalists; and certain Trusts have agreements with both of them. Certain Trusts attempted to make an agreement with the Zapatistas. The Federalists and the Constitutionalists are fighting each other to the last breath. Trusts have conflicting interests; hence the War of the Trusts. But beneath it all is the economic revolution, the struggle of the despised peon to get back the land. The bandits, the guerrillas, the agricultural peons, are units in the economic revolution. The Mexican government is trying with all its might to put down the uprising of the peons. These peons were opposed to Porfirio Diaz, Felix Diaz, Madero, and are now opposed to Huerta. They are fighting Authority, Government, and Law. Always fighting Authority, always fighting Government, always fighting Force of the Master Class, its material not who sits upon the throne of Mexico, he represents Authority, and the peon hates him and fights him. It matters not what the form of government, the peon hates it and fights it. Always against the government. What is government? The will of a master class upon a slave class. The peon knows that. As for the peon who, by force of circumstances or otherwise, is on one side and then on the other, fighting for a Master in the contending forces of government, he too is always fighting Government and the will of a Master Class. Always fighting Authority, and Government, and Law, and Tyrants. Is there a man opposed to slavery who will not fight a master? Direct action and sabotage are the weapons of the enlightened peon. Though he be fettered and uneducated, he knows that he is a slave and that the Ruling Class and the Working Class have nothing in common. This by no means applies to all peons. Many, many of them are sunken in superstition and reverence for Authority, the Church, and the Master Class; but millions are aiding and fighting in the economic revolution. They want the land that was stolen from them, they want to till the soil and reap the full product of their labor, they want the restoration of a social system which for centuries gave them peace and plenty and happiness. Millions of peons have been torn from their homes, brutally assaulted, sold into exile, and their lands turned over to American, European, and Japanese capitalists, and many concessions in industries producing enormous revenues have been turned over to parasites who toil not and have never even seen their own possessions.

The peon wants to work for himself and not for a master. And you have given him no credit for that? A multitude of blind patriots are awaiting the signal to spring upon Mexico. What harm did the Mexican workingman ever do to the American workingman? Why should the workingmen rush at each other's throats? One hears the American workingman boast that he is going to Mexico to fight for his country. His country! It is to laugh! The workingman who owns a foot of land in the United States holds it

only by the grace of the Master Class. The average workingman owns only the clothes on his back, and the clothes are shoddy. The American who goes down to Mexico "to fight for his country" is going to fight for the International Bankers. If he lose a leg or an arm, the bankers will not buy him another one. The working class by the production of wealth pays all the bills for all the wars. The Capitalists reap the benefits. And the International Bankers represent the Trusts—Wool, Tobacco, Sugar, Fruit, Mines, Agriculture, Real Estate, Railroads, Manufactures, etc. Are you going to fight for the Trusts?—"The Wooden Shoe."

REVOLUTIONARY CURRENTS.

Undated of November 12, "The Christian Science Monitor" published an article entitled "How Parties in Mexico Divide," which purports to be by a former high official now in exile. We refer to it editorially, but think it worthy of more extended comment, if only because it brings out clearly certain points we ourselves continually endeavor to explain.

Whether or no the writer is correct in conceding the Zapatistas fifty-five per cent of the total strength of all parties we cannot pretend to judge, but he is assuredly right in saying that it is a peon party and that it never will make peace with the Constitutionalists, who twice suspended constitutional guarantees against it, burning its towns and otherwise inflicting injuries which will not be forgotten. The writer says further that the Constitutionalists have been swelling their ranks by pretending alliance with Zapata, and that such ranks are full of men who yield Carranza only the flimsiest allegiance, since they are merely using his party for their own individual or social ends. He instances the Yaquis; who, he says, are Magonistas or Zapatistas, as occasion serves. The example of the 3,000 who recently took possession of lands along the Yaqui River promised them by Maytorena, Constitutionalist governor of Sonora, is a most significant case in point. We gave full particulars in our issue of Nov. 8, under the heading, "Direct Action." The writer in question also expresses the strongest opinion that, however fine a showing they may make for the moment, the Constitutionalists have no permanent strength. That has been our opinion throughout. Their leaders are Maderistas under another name, who somehow have got together the means to equip a following. But that following is today very largely independent of them; demands changes far more revolutionary than the half-measures of its chiefs, and is in a position to enforce them. Probably a good illustration of this is afforded by the land divisions that are being enforced in Tamaulipas and Nuevo Leon; a subject with which we dealt extensively several weeks ago.

Against all these rebellious and intrinsically Anarchal forces the Catholics and Federalists are fighting for their lives. The writer evidently thinks the latter extremely weak, for he states that their army is composed of three elements: (1) Old timers; very few. (2) Zapatistas, enlisted formerly. (3) Former revolutionists who considered Huerta one of them, and stand by him today chiefly because they have no use for the Constitutionalists, considering that they are only attempting to revive Maderism.

Mediation, in the opinion of this critic, must be resorted to eventually, but he is most emphatic in asserting that the Mexicans will not accept the mediation of the United States—"no, not even for a moment." He suggests that the South American governments might come to an agreement to that end, bringing pressure to bear on the various revolutionary leaders and hammering out certain general propositions on which all could unite.

That seems to us infinitely more sensible than the solutions offered from this side of the border, whether those solutions be the ballot-box proposals of President Wilson, or the bayonet urgings of the martial (for others) Hearst. There might be a chance, at least, of obtaining a tribunal that would have some knowledge of and sympathy with Mexico's needs and aspirations. The average United States politician and editor has neither, and, in the eyes of Mexico, our government is regarded as merely the tool of rapacious Wall Street. Our own contemporary literature gives ample warrant for that opinion.

HOW ABOUT OUR PEONS?

Under the head of "Anarchy in Mexico," that influential German daily the "Frankfurter Zeitung," under date of Oct. 31, gives a long review of conditions in Mexico; drawing, as might be expected, the conclusion that only the iron hand can bring back lasting peace. Naturally it does not ask whether such a peace will be what the masses want; just as it will never ask whether the peaceful German workingman, living on the slops from the rich man's table and ordered here and there every moment of his existence, has any right to be contented. It is the more significant that such a paper admits that in Mexico the "necessity of land reform is publicly acknowledged on every side," and that no government will be able to endure which does not understand and act accordingly.

If the Mexican Revolution were to come to an end tomorrow—which it will not—it would have done a mighty work, for it has forced on the attention of a thoughtless world the imperative necessity of putting an end to speculation in and monopoly of real estate. The game is getting a black eye everywhere, but it will take more than the mere example of Mexico to kill it in Los Angeles. Our own make-a-terrific-roar before things on this side of the border will begin to move. Won't somebody, please, stir up the unemployed?

If he who cannot reason is a fool; he who will not reason is a knave; he who dare not reason is a slave.

The Men in Jail.

In addition to the \$61.10 received from "Grupo Amor Libre," San Francisco, the Rangel-Cline Defense Fund reports the receipt of the following: Redlands, Cal., Kindscher and Leon, \$2; Fowler, Colo., Condrola, 25c; Duarte, 50c; Grajeda, 25c; Cardine, 35c; Martinez, 25c; Ramirez, 10c; Gonzalez, 50c; Estrada, 50c; Alvarez, 25c; Andrade, 25c; Cortinez, 20c; Tufkin, Tex., Morin, \$1; Mrs. Shie, Los Angeles, \$2. This gives a total received by the Fund to date of \$136.45. The editor of this section is in repeated receipt of amounts sent to him personally, which, as previously explained, are turned in immediately to the "Regeneracion" fund for the defense of the Texas prisoners, and acknowledged in the Spanish section. Amounts intended expressly for the Rangel-Cline Defense Fund should be directed to Victor Cravell, P. O. Box 1891, Los Angeles, Cal. Both funds are devoted to the same purpose.

By correspondence we learn of \$10 having been sent from the International Workers' Defense League in San Francisco, and \$9 from the same source in St. Louis. All such moneys are remitted to Vincent St. John, Chicago, to be expended for the Texas prisoners.

At present money is coming in very slowly, but it is perhaps too early to expect substantial results from organizations and distant points.